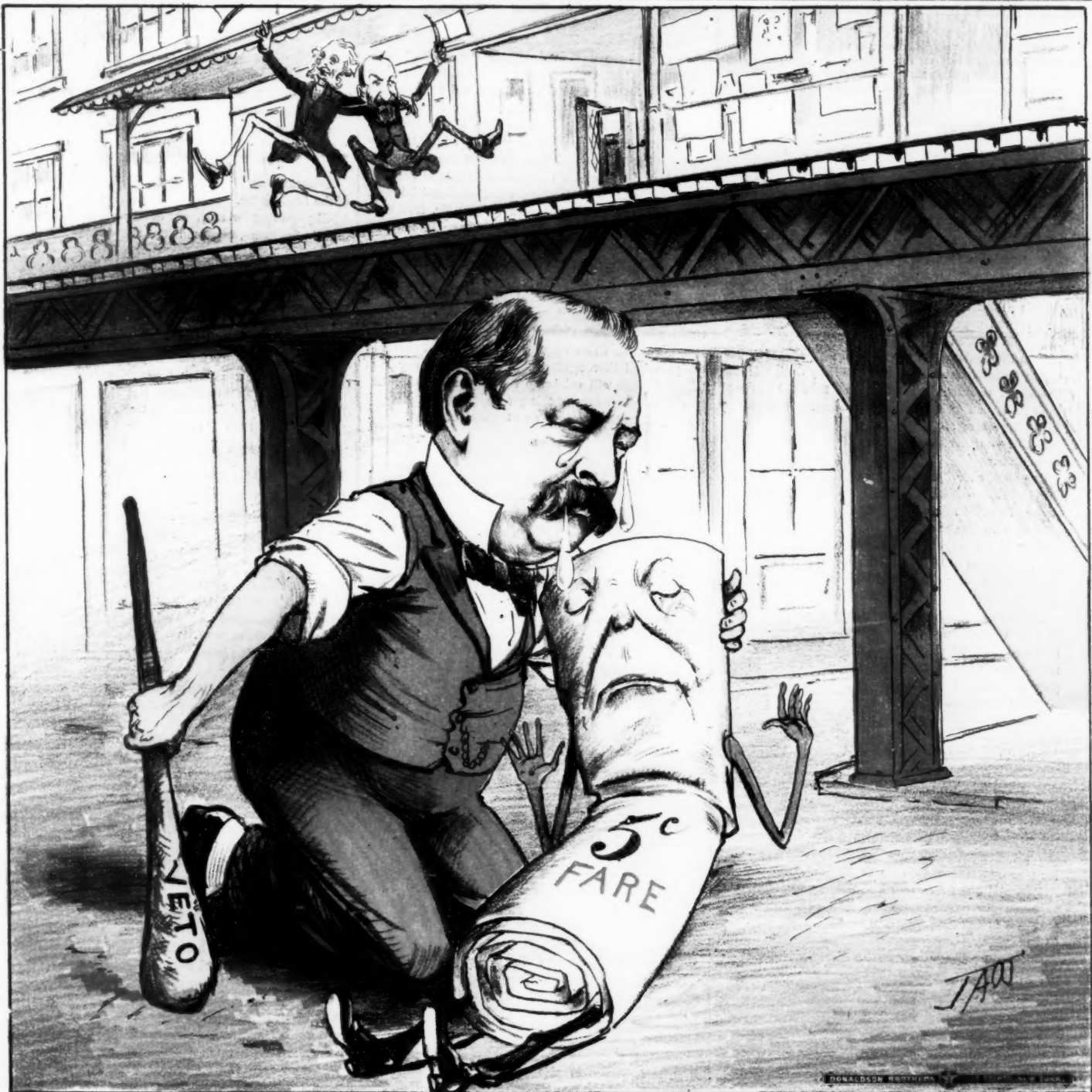


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IT WAS HIS DUTY AND HE DID.

GOV. CLEVELAND:—As a constitutional lawyer I really had to do it.



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Gov. Cleveland Advised.

WHEN Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo, was chosen Governor of New York by the unprecedented majority of 200,000 votes, he at once loomed up as a candidate for the Presidency.

This was in November last.

Now he is generally looked upon as a most unavailable candidate to be pitted against the Republican party's standard-bearer. Immediately after the election it was useless for Republicans to argue that Mr. Cleveland secured his election because of the dissatisfaction then existing in the Republican party. Democratic statesmen with one accord boldly declared that the great reaction had set in, and that the ranks of their party had been swollen by desertions from the Republican army.

Nothing farther from the truth was ever uttered by Democrats.

The shouts for Cleveland were heard throughout the State, and visions of the White House with a Democratic President were beheld at every Democratic camp-fire in the country.

Now, if we may believe the Democrats themselves, Gov. Cleveland has killed his own chances and those of the Democratic party by vetoing what was popularly known as the "Five Cent Fare Bill."

Members of the New York Legislature whose education was obtained in the bar-rooms and brothels of this metropolis, striving to serve constituencies that neither know nor respect law and order, secured the passage of a bill intended to compel the owners of the elevated railway companies to reduce the fare from ten to five cents. The legislators declared that there was a popular demand for this reduction, and we have no reason to believe that they lied in making such assertions.

We have no sympathy with the owners of the elevated roads.

THE JUDGE always insisted that the corporation of the city of New York should own those roads, and he has not changed his opinion. Messrs. Field and Gould long ago set themselves up as against the common people, and they deserve no sympathy from any one. When the "Five Cent Fare Bill" was adopted by both branches of the Legislature, the thought never flashed across the mind of the average Democrat that the Governor would return it without his approval. But he did so return it, and a storm—greater perhaps than that invented by Wiggins—is about his ears. He is accused of being in league with the monopolists, and pages of newspaper arguments cannot satisfy Democratic pot-house politicians that the Governor stood bravely by the laws of the State in regard to contracts. It is probably very properly claimed that the owners of the elevated railways have violated their charters in the matter of watering stock. But if this is so the Governor knows how to proceed against the railroads, and

let us hope that he will not hesitate to do his duty. He has expressed regret that he found it necessary to veto the measure, and in the language of Democratic statesmen, "is crying like a baby because he killed the bill." At the present stage of the game he is not the candidate of New York pot-house politicians for any office in their gift. Should he determine to force Messrs. Gould, Field, and others into court, and there punish them for their misdeeds in connection with the elevated roads, he will do a grand thing for the people of New York, and THE JUDGE gives him a pointer on that.

Ireland's Patron Saint.

ST. PATRICK doubtless was a gentleman, and may have believed that he succeeded in banishing the snakes from Ireland. We have no fault to find with his conduct in that "unhappy" country. His name and deeds are again to be mentioned in song and story on the approaching 17th of March—a day which our old friend Richelieu Robinson, of Brooklyn, has declared shall be a legal holiday in America.

Orators of the Robinson stamp have told us that New York is "the greatest Irish city in the world." Perhaps it is. Somebody has also said that among those who grow fat upon money regularly drawn from the city's treasury, a few Irishmen may be found. Perhaps this is also true. But because these assertions are not to be disputed must we also admit that the oratorical Robinson and his cronies are correct in their views that St. Patrick's Day should be a legal holiday? We think not. We think that sane, sensible Irishmen, here and elsewhere, agree with us that Mr. Robinson has displayed himself in Congress as a buffoon and blatherskite.

We shall be pleased to witness the parade of our Irish fellow-citizens on the 17th of March. They have as much right to march in all their magnificence, regalias, and old hats, through the streets of New York, as the Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, negroes, and Chinamen may have when they desire to obstruct travel in our principal thoroughfares. We trust that our Irish fellow-citizens will celebrate the day as of yore. As they select the rulers of this great city, why should any one object to their parade on St. Patrick's Day?

Wiggins' Storm.

ONE Wiggins, a Canadian weather-phropet, predicts that, on the 9th inst., a storm such as has not been witnessed since the birth of Adam will make things lively in this part of the country; and many thousands of men, women, and children await with great concern the fulfillment of his prophecy.

Should brother Wiggins prove himself the wonderful man that he now claims to be, will it be in order to hold him responsible for the great storm, and should those who survive the disasters on land and sea assemble at his Canadian cottage, and hail him as the one who rules the winds and waves? Or should they tie a grindstone to his neck, and pitch him into the sea, so that he may never again produce a storm of any kind? Should brother Wiggins show himself to be a miserable fraud as a prophet, should he be forever more ignored, or should he be driven into the Canadian forests, where he may become the prey of wild beasts? These are questions which those who follow him must consider, and at this time, we confess, he has our sympathy.

Whether the storm shows itself or not, brother Wiggins will be in a terrible state of mind, unless he is, as we are inclined to believe, a would-be budding humorist of the first rank. Poor Wiggins, we fear that we shall not see you bloom. If there shall be such a storm as you prognosticate, how much glory you may win by plunging into it, and by disappearing from the face of the earth before it subsides!

JUDGING from newspaper accounts, Police Justice Maurice J. Power, of this city, is a very industrious man. He has just completed a model for the Monmouth Battle monument and the Commissioners have approved it.

THERE was more truth in Dr. Howard Crosby's recent lectures upon New York politicians than is usually found in the discourses of clergymen upon that interesting subject.

WE are authorized to announce that there is no truth in the report that Anthony Comstock has a pecuniary interest in the Kentucky lottery business.

MR. RUFUS HATCH, of New York, is in London. He went there for the purpose of explaining the meaning of the word "Hamfatters," as applied to actors.

THE political news in the *Evening Telegram* is always sufficient to make the angriest of politicians laugh as though he had just fallen heir to a large fortune.

THE winter's crop of "missing men" is a large one, still we are prepared to believe that the crop should have been larger.

It is pleasant to be reminded that we shall never again know a Speaker Keifer in Congress.

WHILE the Hon. Henry Bergh is delivering lectures upon "Pigeon-matches," the dog and chicken fighters are in high feather. The pits are almost daily and nightly surrounded by "lovers" of such "sporting events." Mr. Bergh's staff of officers should be "shaken up."

ASSEMBLYMAN BENEDICT demands biennial sessions of the Legislature. If he would secure the passage of a bill providing for sessions of three days' duration once in ten years, he would do the people a great service.

THAT very funny coterie of Irish literary men in this city who have made so much of what they are pleased to call "The Sheridan Extradition Case," should be handled without gloves by the newspaper editors whom they have deceived. Day after day we are informed that "Mr. Patrick J. Sheridan is at work as usual at his desk in the *Irish World* office." If it is true that Mr. Sheridan does any work at all, he is more of a workman than his bombastic friends who have been trying to make either a martyr or fool of him.

THE millionaire Senator from Colorado, Mr. Tabor, should put a menagerie on the road, with himself as the chief attraction.

THE *Herald* having made the astounding discovery that Mr. Salmi Morse was compelled to secure financial assistance from various parties in order to put the "Passion" on the stage of his theater, may yet discover that he is not the only theatrical manager who has been forced to seek financial assistance from those who are willing to gamble in such enterprises.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Graphic*, which has just celebrated the anniversary of the eleventh year of its birth, and long may "she" wave, has this interesting paragraph:

"A princely newspaper proprietor, on his yacht travels, quoted by his former cook to be at times of most jocose mood, and then to frighten the guests on board by false alarms of fire. At other times he turns the hose upon them in their state-rooms. Perhaps the aquatic host means that they shall earn their pleasure dearly."

As Mr. James Gordon Bennett and Mr. Jay Gould are both "princely" newspaper proprietors, and as both own yachts, we are bound to ask the *Graphic* to name the "prince" referred to.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has made a good beginning in the matter of removals and appointments in federal offices in this city. THE JUDGE congratulates him.

SOME of the elevated railway ticket-sellers have discovered a way in which to swindle the patrons of those roads. Men and women in a hurry are the victims of these rascals. In failing to return the proper change for a quarter, half-dollar, or dollar the thievish ticket-seller is reaping a harvest. What do you think of it, Col. Hain?

AFRAID OF HIS DOG.

I'm a nice young man, as young men go,
Yankee born, no taint of the bog,
And in a muss can give blow for blow,
But don't ask me to face a "dog,"
Those silent, staring, paper brutes,
Oft drive me nearly from my boots.

There is Henry who keeps the beer saloon,
And once he gave me ample trust,
But now I am frightened like a loon
Whene're I pass it since I'm bust.
That's why I pass on t'other side,
My "dog" waits there to be untied.

Yes, the same thing once was called a "slate;"
In olden times 'twas called a "score,"
But when they have passed a certain date
All promises they now ignore:
There is no longer left a truce,
And your tied "dogs" are now let loose.

Yes, that's why I work from curb to curb,
While promenading through the street,
There is nothing else will so disturb
The feelings of the genteel beat.
My very soul is often pained
For fear those "dogs" will be unchained.

Yes, I'll have to strike a brand-new route,
Some other innocents engage,
And leave my "dogs" who are now so stout
To wither up and die of age,
For each saloon my senses jog,
In each I find a dreaded "dog."

—G. G. S.

"He Was a Dandy."

BY ALDERMAN THOMAS CARROLL.

In our little town of Shamrock, close by the Boyne water, there lived for a brief period, until a few days ago, a man whom everybody declares "was a dandy." Some giant intellect has told the world that there are men "who can talk you deaf, dumb, and blind." The "dandy" was one of those men, without the shadow of a doubt. When he reached Shamrock and sped up the main street like a startled fawn, everybody who did not see him alight from the train thought that he had escaped from Sing Sing and was running the last lap of his 600th mile. He bounded into the Hotel MacShade and demanded a room, "and no — nonsense about it." He was shown to a suite of rooms on the main floor, and for one week he roamed at will in them, occasionally ordering "something fit for a hog to eat" and a "pint of wine."

Old MacShade was in doubt about his guest, and daily presented a bill, which was promptly paid. When the dandy was asked to register his name and address he declined, saying in a loud voice, "My name is Jim Mud, and I want to give my mind a rest." MacShade discovered that the arrival of Mr. Mud had created considerable excitement in Shamrock. Many merchants, bankers and others visited the hotel, and as they loitered in the cafe asked numerous questions concerning the distinguished guest. To all of the inquiries MacShade merely replied, "He says his name is Jim Mud, and he wants to give his mind a rest." At last one sunny afternoon he strode out upon the balcony, and seemed refreshed. It was observed by the passing throng that he was constructed like Sheehan's statue of John L. Sullivan. He was arrayed in clothing that might have caused the village tailor to become insane through envy. But the tailor had not yet seen him. He lighted a cigarette, then another, and another, until he had disposed of a package. The village belles assembled *en masse* beneath the balcony, and rejoiced that a specimen of manhood so elegant had "pitched his tent," as it were, in Shamrock. His smile was photographed in their minds, and as he stepped into his room the maidens sighed unto heaven, and a sleepy constable in a grocery hard-by swore that Wiggins's storm had reached Shamrock. Need anything further be said to make it plain that Mr. Mud was a masher? Very little.



OFFICER: "What are you doing there with all that stuff this time o' night?"
SUSPICIOUS PARTY: "Just practicing on this fire escape. That's all, 'pon me soul. There's so many terrible fires lately."

On the morning following the afternoon of Mr. Mud's first appearance on the balcony, he descended to the office of the hotel and held sweet converse with MacShade. Mr. Mud proved to MacShade's entire satisfaction that he (Mr. Mud) was one of the most interesting of earthly men. MacShade was proud of Mr. Mud, and introduced him to all the merchants, bankers, and others in Shamrock. Mr. Mud incessantly spoke of himself, telling of the wonderful things accomplished by him, and of the wonderful things yet to be accomplished by him, and giving no one an opportunity to interrupt him. His hearers were unanimously of the opinion that he was really a wonderful man.

[Of course every reader of this—my maiden effort—will swear that he knows how it will end; and every reader will discover that he has made a miscalculation.—T. C.]

Mr. Mud fascinated all the village maidens, young and old, borrowed money from every man, woman and child in Shamrock, and secured clothing, boots and shoes, jewelry, etc., for his own personal adornment, on credit, at every store in that neat but not gaudy little village. His post-office box was daily filled with charming billet-doux addressed to him, and he lived "like a fighting cock." Whenever a creditor had fully made up his mind to "call upon" Mr. Mud, the creditor weakened at one glance from Mr. Mud's eagle eye.

Mr. Mud was not to be trifled with. At length he determined to quit Shamrock. He owed \$987 to MacShade for board, and other things, but MacShade weepingly said: "Don't mention it," and took Mr. Mud to his bosom. Village maidens, tradesmen, soldiers, courtiers, and citizens escorted him to the depot, the advance guard laying the dust with their tears. When he entered a palace drawing-room car, especially chartered for his use, the vast concourse of people wept, and strong men between their sobs declared that Mr. Mud really "was a dandy."

Twenty-four hours later the spell was broken. The inhabitants of Shamrock were no longer under Mr.

Mud's mesmeric influence, and as they gnashed their teeth and rent their hair, they screamed: "Yes, he was a dandy."

By far the best bill introduced in the New York Legislature is the one providing that all telegraph wires must be placed underground. This is a bill which the Governor should sign at the first opportunity.

THE Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix may soon have cause for regret if he continues to insist that woman's proper sphere is her home. Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake has begun an attack upon him, and she seems determined to ventilate his ideas to his discredit.

It will be interesting news to Henry Prouse Cooper that Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court of this Judicial District, has decided that another jury must undertake to decide as to his sanity. As Mr. Cooper is said to be masquerading in England in female apparel, he may not, however, be much disturbed by the news.

MR. JOHN FOORD, who is about to retire from the chief editorial chair of the New York Times, in order to secure a controlling interest in the Brooklyn *Union-Argus*, was once a reporter of the *Union* long before it formed a partnership with the *Argus*, and he has therefore returned to his first love.

THE latest good man "gone wrong" is said to be Julius Marcus, a liquor broker. Fifty thousand dollars, it is alleged, disappeared with him. He will probably be quite ill and penitent when conveyed to a prison cell.

MARSHALL POLK, the \$400,000 defaulter in Tennessee, has been released from jail in consequence of illness. Had he been an ordinary \$4 thief he might have died in jail.



REHEARSAL IN THE PROVINCES.

BERTRAND: "I do confess I am only a butterfly on gauzy wings, hovering about from flower to flower, sip-pin' honey from every bud and blossom in my path."

THE STATESMEN'S AGENT.

DEDICATED TO THEODORE HAMILTON.

UNDERSTAND, a right-hand man!
 Before you bow you see—
 The chosen bower, who wields press power
 For the County Democracy.
 For H. O. T.
 And his checks you see,
 I'm always on the spy,
 And a cold, cold day,
 In the month of May,
 Will it be when left am I!
 Outside of that, it's many a flat
 That I nail at Albanee!
 Press worker so bold,
 A jerker of gold,
 All on the strict Q. T. !
 And the reason why, that I am so fly,
 Will "work" a paper of any degree,
 The "Statesman's Agent"—(on the press 'tis
 meant)
 Is what the boys call me.

—TOBIAS.

Fooling a Landlord.

THE recent death of a celebrated minstrel, whom, for convenience, I will call Ben, reminds me of an incident connected with my managerial career in the West, in which Ben bore a prominent part. There were six of us in the party, and we were financially stranded and "working" our way toward home. One morning after a twenty-four's fast, we entered the little town of K—, and resolved to obtain a square meal by means of cheek. I sought out the hotel and informed the landlord—who, by the way, was a crusty old chap—that my minstrel troupe would give an entertainment that evening, and that we desired to remain at the hotel until the following morning. He assented, and the entire party partook of a hearty breakfast. We then proceeded to bill the town, engage a hall, and give a rehearsal, and then we sat down to an excellent dinner. To our dismay the rain commenced falling right after dinner. After putting away a hearty supper we went over to the hall, lighted it up, and the boys proceeded to put on the cork, while I took my station

as ticket-seller and usher. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock came, and not a solitary individual appeared; so we closed up and went back to the hotel in a disconsolate mood. A council of war was held in my room, and various plans were proposed by which we might take "French leave" of the hotel. It was proposed to steal down the stairs and out of the front door; but that plan was voted down for the reason that I had seen the landlord lock the door and put the key in his pocket, at the same time looking at me in a suspicious manner. Then Joe R—, the tambourinist of the party proposed to get out of the window of our second-story room, but a savage growl below warned us of our danger in that direction.

"Let's buy some poison," suggested Joe, "and give it to the dog."

But a search through the pockets of the entire party didn't reveal a "red." Suddenly Ben, who sat tilting back on his chair, with his eyes elevated to the ceiling, exclaimed:

"An idea strikes me," and forthwith piled up chairs on the table until his head reached the ceiling. Then he quietly removed a trap-door, and after taking our candle, he drew himself up through the aperture. The place was a large cockloft, and unused, and Ben proposed that we all enter it, and remain until opportunity was afforded for a successful escape, saying that he could come down at night and forage in the pantry for food. We all went up but Ben, who remained to arrange the furniture, and then by means of a rope which he had found there, and which we threw him, he ascended and closed the door, having first gone to the pantry and secured provision sufficient for twenty-four hours.

The following morning we were awakened by the voice of the gruff old landlord, who was using very profane language at our supposed flight, and an hour later we saw through chinks in the boards, the entire village starting out in search of the "minstrel men." That night Ben descended again and renewed his attack on the pantry. The third night he returned in great delight, holding in his hand a piece of meat and a small white package.

"This is bully," he said; "it is arsenic. I suppose the old covey wants to poison rats, but we'll use it on the dog."

Ben rolled the piece of juicy beef in the arsenic and then let it down with a string. The savage old mastiff gave a growl and snatched the meat. Then we waited

patiently for the result. In half an hour the dog was snarling and snapping, and ten minutes later he gave a little yelp, and then we heard him kicking the ground vigorously, then all was still. We descended from our retreat, and by means of the rope we were soon on *terra firma*, and we didn't allow the grass to grow under our feet. We struck the railroad at the depot and found a hand-car there, which we speedily placed on the track, and soon put ten miles between us and the old landlord.

—W. F. G.

The Parson's Surprise.

BY "THE LIBRARIAN."

WHEN my younger sister and myself were wee toddlers, a clergyman, fresh from Amherst and ordination, lived with the same family that boarded us. He was very fond of "Sis" from her baby days; taught her to walk and to speak plainly—most too plainly as the sequel proved. A favorite salute as he entered the house was "Hello!"

One Sunday when his little friend in pinafores was not as aged as a restaurant caster, but about its identical size, the folks at home took her to church for the first time, and I must say that she behaved remarkably well, until her attention was attracted to a voice from the pulpit, saying:

"We will begin the morning's lesson by reading—"

"Hello!" screamed "Sis," and then promptly subsided into the dreadful echo of her puny treble.

The good people involuntarily tittered, the dominie, himself, took refuge in an ambiguous cough; while our mother's facial perplexity was totally eclipsed by father's portentous frown.

An innocent child, bewildered in a sacred temple, had prematurely sounded the bugle call of electric science. Thirty years after, the telephone palliated her grave offense.

A Sale of Apples.

LAST week a young man entered a certain bank in this city, and inquired for the cashier. When that official appeared, the smooth-faced and smooth-tongued young man stated that he had been sent by Mr. C—, mentioning a director of the bank. Then he glibly told his story. He had purchased a large quantity of apples, and packed them in half-barrels for shipment to England. He learned that the firm to whom he was about to consign them in London had failed, consequently the apples were left on his hands. He was willing to sell them for \$1.75 the half barrel. Mr. C— had purchased one; wouldn't the cashier buy another? But the cashier told him he lived in Brooklyn.

"All right," said the smooth young man, "I'll get an expressman," and he went out of the bank. Half an hour later he again made his appearance, armed with an express receipt for the half barrel of apples, duly signed. So the cashier paid the interesting young man \$1.75 for the apples, and fifty cents for the expressage, taking the receipt. Then Captain, the assistant cashier, thought he would take a half barrel, and he paid for one. The young man quickly departed. That night, when the cashier returned home, he said to his wife:

"How did you like the apples?"

"What apples?" asked the lady, in surprise.

The cashier, took a seat by the window, and watched for the coming of the expressman. He did not come. After two days had passed the cashier began to smell a large-sized mouse. Now, when any one speaks of apples, the cashier quotes Scripture to himself and Cap'tain always fumbles around his revolver pocket.

—G.L.

AFTER all the talk about "Number One," it is now believed that he has gone to meet Mrs. Harris.

WE salute the Malagassy Ambassadors, who are accredited to President Arthur as Envoys Plenipotentiary from her Majesty Ranavalana, Queen of Madagascar.

That Flood Benefit.

THE world, of course, knows how we responded to the calls for help for the sufferers by the Ohio flood a few weeks since, but only a limited number know about the fiasco attending a proposed benefit which was to have come off in this city some ten days ago.

Samuel Smith (it isn't a very high-toned name, but it was the best he had to come before a sympathetic world in the great name of charity) is an amateur actor. In other words, he is stage-struck pretty severely, and thinks he can act as well as the best.

When news came of the devastating flood in the Ohio valley, he at once caught on to a big idea—an idea which would not only give him the reputation of being a charitable man, but at the same time give him a long-sought opportunity of getting before the public in one of his great histrionic impersonations.

So he inserted the following "ad" in one of the New York morning papers:

"WANTED—Volunteers for an entertainment to be given in aid of the Ohio sufferers. The profession generally invited, together with specialists and amateurs in the dramatic art who are up in either *Macbeth*, *Othello*, or *Hamlet*. Address SMITH, Box so-and-so—"

Now it happens that nearly everybody knows Sam Smith, but more especially members of the profession and amateurs in the dramatic art, and while the former ignored him entirely, the latter, together with "Specialists," felt something as he did, and thought they saw a chance to get before the public—the one great desire of their lives.

So when they saw his advertisements they flooded him with letters, offering their services in all sorts of ways for the noble and philanthropic cause.

Smith was delighted, for would not his name stand at the head of them all on the bill!

Of course it would, and after making up his mind to play "Hamlet" to head that bill, he accepted nearly every offer that was made by combinations and specialists. There was nothing hoggish about Smith.

There came an offer by two aspiring youths who had never yet been able to get an opening, to give a grand and unique act called "The Heifer Dance." Four other young men who were ambitious of figuring on these street posters, volunteered to give their beautiful act entitled, "The Mashers of Fourteenth Street," a lovely song-and-dance act that would be sure to make a great hit. Then came an amateur juggler, who said he could down any man in the business, and who only wanted fifteen minutes to demonstrate the fact before a spell-bound and palpitating audience. Also a pair of song-and-dance men who only wanted ten minutes to annihilate any other two who ever figured in lithographs and big type. And a young lady applied for a place in the bill who offered to give a charming selection of songs in costume, provided she got *encores* enough, and a youth from one of the athletic clubs who volunteered to swing one hundred pound clubs for the benefit of those Ohio sufferers. Two men also offered to spar for the benefit, and a young lady offered to astonish the audience with her performance on the piano, provided she could have a Shomer grand brought upon the stage.

Indeed, there were offers of almost everything in aid of the good cause, and Smith, as manager and chief getter-up of the great benefit, accepted nearly all them.

But, of course, "Hamlet" must come first; and so he paid especial attention to the amateurs who offered to take part in it. He had not the slightest trouble in filling up the cast, for there were hundreds of others besides himself who wanted to figure in type and behind foot-lights.

Several rehearsals were had of the play, and little or no attention was given to the simple specialists who were to come after the grand tragedy and the grander tragedians. But they were all given a prominent place on the bill, and assured that an appreciative public would stay to see them.

The public was appealed to through the press and by aid of big posters; and a few days ago the time for the great flood benefit arrived. It was a great day for Smith; but to show how equal he was to the occasion, he resolved not only to play the melancholy Dane, but to be the stage manager of the whole affair as well.

New Yorkers will respond to almost anything that has charity tacked to it; and so in this instance, al-



THE COLLEGE STUDENT OF THE FUTURE.
Terrible brain work of a college boy by the midnight lamp reading up for examination.

though they did not know any of the people on the bill, they responded nobly, filling the Academy, believing that these strangers were simply volunteers in a noble cause.

There appeared to be rather too many of the volunteers behind the scenes; but Smith, full of unobtruded glory, finally stowed them away, so that "Hamlet" could go on, or at least get a start.

It wasn't the best start the play ever had, for in the confusion the stage carpenter somehow got the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" set for the rampart scene of "Hamlet." But it was too late to mend it now, and so the players went on to play. They played havoc with the first scene of that tragedy, and got laughed at; but it yet remained for Smith to redeem it all; and, although a little nervous, he felt equal to the task.

Smith had a great head.

He did passably well in his first scene and got considerable applause; but when, in the next scene, the Ghost trod upon his own foot and tumbled upon the stage, when his entrance should have been a gliding one, it somehow destroyed the gravity which should have obtained on the occasion.

Smith was vexed, of course, but he couldn't see why people in front should laugh at a little thing like that, and it undoubtedly destroyed much of the beauty of his acting in that scene. But he got through very well considering, and people in front began to ask where Edwin Booth was now?

When the curtain went down on the first act, there was much confusion behind it. The stage carpenter swore he would throw up the whole business if those bloody amateurs didn't get out of his way, and, finally, the audience began to pound and whistle, as at least twenty minutes had elapsed since they had seen anything of Hamlet. But chaos and dire confusion reigned behind that curtain still, and Smith was at his wits' end how to straighten things.

But the two young fellows, who were to do the Heifer Dance in the olio, got impatient, fearing that they would not get a chance to show, and so cut the tangle by stealthily ringing up the curtain and going on to do their act.

Of course they were received with thunders of applause. A heifer dance in "Hamlet" is pretty certain to be applauded, and it might have been a success had not the young volunteers got so excited as to break the "heifer" in two, leaving each half to dance on its own responsibility. If, however, applause is the test of success, that was the most successful heifer dance on record.

Smith didn't like it, though, and gave them a good blowing up for going on out of their turn, which, however, could not then be helped, and so the stage was set for the second act of "Hamlet."

It may never be known how great an achievement

this might have been for Smith, had nothing interrupted it, but, emboldened by the success of the heifer dance, the four young men who were to do "The Fourteenth Street Mashers," took advantage of the change of scene, and rushed on to do their act, bound to get in their fine work at all hazards. It was a great success.

But it demoralized the second act of "Hamlet" so badly that the curtain had to be rung down, and the Ghost got into a fight the stage-carpenter, just as though he was to blame. And yet while all this was going on behind the scenes, the crowd in front was calling it a picnic. Never had there been a show like it in New York, or anywhere else, and many were the wishes expressed that some of those sorrowing sufferers by the Ohio flood could have been there to see what was being done in their behalf.

The Ghost's black eye didn't show, however, for "he wore his beaver down," and once more things began to get into shape for a continuance of the performance. But as the delay had been so great, the juggler insisted upon taking his turn next, and the song-and-dance men swore they wouldn't wait much longer before they burst upon the audience.

Smith got them as quiet as he could, and, after about half an hour's wait, managed to get the curtain up for the third act of "Hamlet." Even this might possibly have gone off all right enough, had not the stage erected for the "players" broken down, and dumped the whole lot of them into some unknown region, and when another scene was shoved on to cover up the break, the two song-and-dance men skipped on, and "did their turn" in spite of all that the unfortunate *Hamlet* could do.

Confusion worse confounded!

The curtain was rung down before the song and dance was completely finished, and then they pitched into poor Smith because he would not allow them to respond to the call of the audience, that was fairly yelling for an *encore*. They made it just torrid for Smith, also for Horatio, both of whom were "knocked out" in one round, and completely disabled for further acting, beyond the parts of sufferers.

Then the other volunteers in the olio went for Smith and demanded that his "bloody old Hamlet" be adjourned until they could have a show; and the result was that the whole thing was broken up.

It was twelve o'clock, however, and by this time the audience had had their money's worth; and when somebody announced that, owing to the great length of the programme, the show would have to be considered off for the night, they all went out laughing, and almost glad that something had happened to bring about such a unique performance.

But it is still an open question how great a Hamlet our friend Sam Smith is.

—BRICKTOP.



"LET ME SEE ONE OF YOUR \$6 OVERCOATS."

A GUM-BOIL RHYME.

I SAW a maid with flowing locks,
A brow like alabastr white,
Form that the rarest sculpture mocks,
Eyes that vied with stars of night.

She smiled—her pearly teeth I see,
Dimpled her cheeks, her form was fair,
Lips that might tempt the laboring bee,
To sip his honied sweetness there.

Next time we met, her lips ne'er op'ed,
Her swollen cheek refused a welcome smile,
She turned her face and vainly hoped
To hide her gum-boil for a while.

Next time I saw her she had had it lanced and was
all right.
—POP WHITTAKER.

Cunning Mrs. Doogan.

It was a five-story tenement of that kind known as double-house: that is, there were two suites of rooms extending front and back on each floor; these were again divided into front and back rooms, so that four families could live on each floor.

None but the very wealthy families could afford to indulge in the extravagance of a "floor through."

Mrs. Doogan was one of these wealthy tenants; she kept boarders, and had a "floor through."

Mrs. Doogan's boarders were mostly of the masculine gender, who regularly paid their board every Saturday night. The female boarders were generally composed of domestics "looking for a place."

Mrs. Doogan, with the inborn instinct of her genus, was a firm believer in "economy is wealth." In the pursuance of that noble motto, it was her humane custom to allow her boarders to sleep in the morning until the whistles of the factory, in which some of them labored, announced five minutes before seven. Of course the men jumped out of bed in a hurry, and not having time to sit at breakfast, the benevolent boarding-mam would tell them to "take a bun and run."

She played this little game until the bright intellect of a boarder euhred her, by informing his fellow-boarders that the next time she told them to "take a bun and run" they should not take a bun nor a run, but remain at the house and partake of breakfast.

While the foregoing anecdote is an example of the depravity of boarding-mams in general, it is an example to down-trodden boarders, who may be suffering in silence, to "kick" as effectually as did the "take a bun and run" boarders.

Sunday night was the time when the incidents mentioned later on occurred. There was a gala time among the boarders, and there were numerous invited guests.

One of the most reliable male boarders was about to ascend the hymeneal steps with an ex-chambermaid.

The heart of Mrs. Doogan was sad, but she was clothed in dissimulation and a calico gown.

The bride had been boarding with Mrs. Doogan for several weeks, and had not yet cleared her financial difficulties. It is a slippery day when Mrs. Doogan falls, and if the expectant bride thought she was going to escape payment, she displayed her most lamentable ignorance of boarding-mam Psychology.

The happy hour approached when the boarder was to leave forever the scenes of his bachelor misery, with the blushing maid (if forty-year-old ex-chambermaids can be said to blush) whom he was about to lead to Hymen's altar. The happy pair took leave of all present and several pieces of cutlery. But ere they made their exit, the form of the irate boarding-mam swooped down upon the two doves, and demanded:

"Where air yees goin'?"

"We're going to get married," answered the bridegroom, falteringly.

She knew very well where they were going.

"Oh, yees air, air ye? Well, would ye object to liquidating a small board bill of forty dollars?"

"Av coorse we would," heroically replied the bridegroom, regaining courage under squeezes and nudges from his bride.

"Oh, my, how very big ye air," said Mrs. Doogan, becoming satirical.

Then changing to a tragedy queen fury, she yelled:

"Not a living soul will cross this doore until I am paid!"

Those who were watching the bride at this critical juncture, saw a queer expression come into her face.

"Mrs. Doogan," said the bride, "if ye would avoid a long spell of sickness, likewise a doctor's bill, and perhaps a funeral in which ye shall be the object of admiration to your friends, take the advice of a chambermaid who has been watching and waiting for a husband for twenty years, and now that she has got him at last, a phalanx of boarding-mams could not obstruct my way to the altar. I have delivered my spontaneous valedictory—beware!"

The boarding-mam never winced. She held the fort by the open door. The boarders and guests silently awaited the finale, and the tenants crowded the upper flight of stairs, and offered gratuitous advice to the actors in this drama.

"Hit them with a fish-ball, Mrs. Doogan!" shouted Teddy Doyle, who lived on the top floor back.

"Walk on the hash-maker, blushing bride!" shouted another tenant.

Parenthetically it might be remarked that the door which Mrs. Doogan obstructed was at the head of a steep flight of stairs.

A whispered consultation was held between bride and groom; at its conclusion they asked, "Mrs. Doogan, will ye lave the doorway?"

Mrs. Doogan remarked that all the artillery in the United States army could not budge her. Not another word was spoken in parley—there was a swoop, a yell, and in four sixteenths of a minute Mrs. Doogan and the bridal party were gracefully rolling down the stairs in promiscuous confusion. When they reached the landing they were slightly entangled, but by the strenuous efforts of philanthropic tenants they were disentangled after forty-five minutes' tugging. The bride had lost several articles of apparel, including her hair and false teeth. The groom with blackened eyes, and with his coat parted in the middle, displaying his suspenders, triumphantly led his bride to the cab which was to take them to church. The boarding-mam has not yet been thoroughly collected together, still, as she was of an iron constitution, having never eaten of her own buns, great hopes for her recovery are entertained.
—HERR BARNAY.

EXTRA!

STARTLING SOCIAL SENSATION! SOCIETY STIRRED TO ITS DEPTHS!

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS!

MURRAY HILL PUZZLED! FIFTH AVENUE EXERCISED!

EVEN PEORIA PARALYZED!

CHICAGO, AS YET, HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM!

A REVOLUTION IN THE HAUT TON!

Are our upper Circles of Society, as Stated, Rotten to the Core?

FARTHER DEVELOPMENTS ARE HOURLY EXPECTED!

CABLE TO THE "NEW YORK HERALD!"

PARIS, FRANCE, March 8, 1883.

It is rumored that Lady N—g, who will be recollected in New York society as a daughter of Mr. C-h-u-m-p (the well-known broker), has recently been publicly accused of powdering by the Marchioness Q. E. D.

(The above appeared in the *Evening Telegram* three years ago.)
—T. E.

CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR.

SOLOMON ISAACS isn't on real kiss-me-in-the-mouth friendly terms with his next-door merchant, and consequently when Solomon rushed in the other day with a dollar bill in his hand, and exclaimed: "Can you give cerchange for a dollar?" his neighbor looked rather owly, but said that he thought he could, if Solomon would wait until he unlocked his safe.

After fooling with the combination lock several minutes, he swung open the door, took Solomon's dollar bill, and handed him in return a trade dollar, while a "bland" smile lit up his countenance. Solomon said not a word, but seeing how nicely he had been sold; made a bee-line across the street to exchange the trade dollar for "kevertars," at a discount of two per cent.

THE VANDERBILT BALL.

LADY WILLIAM VANDERBILT,
From me you will not win renown,
You thought to bring a blue-blood heart
To posture at your ball in town.
Perhaps you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw your snap, and I lit out:
The helpmate of our Railroad King,
I knew just what I was about.

Lady William Vanderbilt,
I know you're proud to bear your name;
My boodle is no mate for thine,
Nor matters you from where it came,
Nor would I soak for your jeweled sake
This simple locket on my chain,
Two furlongs of your husband's roads
Are worth a hundred miles-of-lane.

Lady William Vanderbilt,
Some broker scribbler must you find,
For even had I not a dime
I would not stoop to such a mind.
Perhaps you thought that I would come,
But my disdain is my reply,
The ice beneath your "Piper Sec"
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady William Vanderbilt,
You put strange memories in my head
It seems short since, that I beheld,
At Spuyten Duyvil, charred dead!
Your princely house, your cherished gold,
The magnate's wife I know you be,
But there was that, in tunnel dark,
Naught he or you would care to see.

Yes, Lady William Vanderbilt,
You'll wonder why my figure tall,
Among the maskers grave and gay
Who'll tread the floor at your great ball
Will not be seen, then let me tell
That with deceit I'll not be tasked,
The reason is—now you'll know all
The reason is—I ain't been asked!

—E. E. T. E.

What the Stage-Driver Said.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

EVER ride upon the top of a stage?
What—never?
No?

Well, come to think of it, I suppose that there are few that do; for there seems to be a sort of social odium attached to the practice, principally, I suppose, because, as a rule, the roofs of stages are occupied by district messenger boys, office lads of the cigarette-smoking genus, and policemen.

Besides, it takes study to be able to bow with grace to a lady friend from the roof of a 'bus. One can do it a good deal more satisfactorily from the window of a coupe.

Still I most always mount the seat beside the driver, because, being of noble descent—most of my family are *rendezvousing* at Trenton, N. J., and probably won't be out till a new Governor gets in—I do not care what people say. Those who know me, know what I am, and those that don't—don't want to.

Generally I travel to the office with the same driver.

He is a character in his way—a pepper-faced, grizzled-bearded, keen-eyed old fellow, with a proficiency in the science of profanity which would even startle a member of the Arkansas Legislature—or even John Stetson.

The other day, as usual, I got on at Twenty-third street.

"Hello, young un!" said the driver, "how goes it?"

I said all right,

Outside of the facts that my mother-in-law had just arrived at the house for a six months' tarry, that the baby showed symptoms of the black small-pox, that the landlord had told me that if my rent was not paid inside of three days, that he would start a free exhibition of household effects upon the sidewalk, and that

there was a budding boil upon my neck just where my shirt-collar was sure to rub it, I was feeling first-class.

"Good!" grinned he, as he started his horses and made an artistic but unsuccessful effort to clear the back platform of an University Place car of passengers with the stage's pole. "Ever heard of Hank Jones?"

"Hank Jones?" I answered.

"Yes. Didn't you know Hank?"

I felt sort of ashamed, but I was forced to own that, for all practical personal purposes, Hank Jones was as good as a myth. I did not know his nibbs.

"Shoo! don't say," ejaculated the driver, totally oblivious to the fact that a very fat gentleman was wildly running for the stage, about half a block back, at the rate of about a mile an hour, and hoarsely articulating for the vehicle to stop. "Well, I must tell you about him. He used to ride down with me reg'lar, just like you. He—"

Here the driver paused to take on a passenger. When he saw that said passenger was safely in the stage, and said passenger's five-cent piece safely in the box, he went ahead—with both stage and story.

It flowed as follows (interruptions in parenthesis):

"This Hank Jones (if that old hen coming down the street thinks that I'm going to stop for her she is much mistaken) was one of the queerest old ducks that ever I met. (Look at here, you young chump on that cab, if you don't hurry and turn out I'll run my pole through your back window, and I ain't giving you no guff either.) Hank always wore, summer or winter, a shawl, a regular old pock-marked affair too. (There goes that bloody old bell again. Two-dollar bill. I knew it. Strike a two-dollar bill on your first trip, and you're sure to get 'em all day. Guess they think I've got a mint up here, can coin change as fast as they want it. That duffer's package, though, is short ten cents. If he drops I'll tell him: to go to the office.)

"What Hank's business was, I could not for a long time find out. (Keep on pulling away at that strap there inside, and I won't stop at all. Just keep your shirt on.) Course it wasn't actually my affair; didn't concern me in the least. (See that fellow 'cross the street; the duke with the alster? he's our time-spotter. But he and I are all right. We whack on the outsides. Lord bless you, if the roof of my stage was crammed with outsiders, he couldn't see them for the company! We've all got families to support!) Yet you know we are all born curious. (I'll beat that sucker on the Fulton Ferry line if I die. He sneaked a theater party from me last night; cut me off. I went home empty, while he carried a full load. Bet I get to Canal street before he strikes Broome. He's a daisy driver, he is! Sending along a plow is about his weight!)

"So every once in the while I hinted to Hank that I would like to know what he did for a living, or how he was fixed. (Just please squint down in the box, will you, and get out that last nickel. Looks to me like lead. It's all hunk, eh? Glad to hear it; can't tell what folks will do nowadays. Blamed if a re: nice-looking old cuss—appeared to me like a minister—didn't put in a three-cent piece for two fares a couple of days ago, and when I leaned down and told him about it, he kicked like a mule. Said I was a liar, and he would leave it to myself, and that he would go up to the company and see that I got the grand bounce. All the same, he put in a real tender, and the company ain't seen him yet: not as I am aware of.)

"To go ahead about Hank. (Say, express, you ought to buy a whole street for yourself, or else quit driving. There is plenty of room for you to get in between the grocery wagon and the car.)

"One day he looked at me rather quizzical. 'Mose,' said he (my first name is Mose—'Why the deuce don't you drive on with that coach? You're blocking everybody. None of my business, eh? 'Tain't, eh? You just bet that if I crawl down off of this box that I'll make it my business. Shut up! For you? Nixey! If I had you alone for just three rounds your family would be wearing mourning to-morrow.)

"'Mose,' said Hank, 'I—'

I was sorry.

But we were at THE JUDGE office, and I had to get off.

The driver reluctantly recognized the fact.

He pulled up his horses, while I clambered down to terra firma.

"So long," he cried; then, as if struck with a sudden inspiration, "young un?"

"Well?"

"Coming down with me to-morrow?"

"Guess so."

"All right. I'll give you the whole biz about Hank. Might make a sketch of it. Git up!"

And away rolled the stage.

Deacon Jones' Funeral.

DEACON JONES was dead, and all Squamtown was sorrowful, for the deacon had been a truly good man. He was authority on church matters, and was a leading man in the Sons of Temperance. True it was that his nose had a fiery appearance; and, if the deacon's professions were true, he should have sued that nasal protuberance for slander; but no one in the church dared to even hint that the pious man indulged in the "rosy." It was also true that the deacon was spoken of by the ungodly as a sharp hand at a horse trade; but then the ungodly are ever prone to revile the pious.

That the deacon would have a large and imposing funeral was the unanimous conclusion. The Sons of Temperance held a meeting, and resolved to turn out in full regalia; and when the time appointed for the ceremony arrived, the lodge marched through the main street of Squamtown, led by Jimmy Frisby with a drawn sword. The deacon's house was a small one, and the parlor was not capacious, consequently there was no room to spare. The apartment was well filled previous to the arrival of the Sons of Temperance, but as the day was cold, an effort was made to allow everybody to come inside. In order to make room, the squint-eyed undertaker proposed to stand the coffin on end, and it was accordingly stood in a corner, from which the corpse of the good deacon was enabled to take a look at the whole assemblage.

Just as the minister was in the midst of a pathetic address, and had begun to stir up the mourners, and the lone widow had cried two pocket handkerchiefs wringing wet, old Aunt Nancy Bloomer made her appearance at the parlor door and began to edge her way in. She finally managed to get a seat near the coffin, after a tremendous bustle, which caused the minister to suspend his address for a few minutes. After a little while Aunt Nancy saw the coffin perched up alongside of her.

"Massy sakes alive," she whispered to Sim Dooley, the tavern-keeper, who sat alongside of her; "I didn't know that the deacon was so extravagant. When did he buy that old-fashioned clock?"

Sim ducked his head and placed his handkerchief over his mouth to repress a laugh.

"The old fool mistakes the coffin for a clock," muttered Sim to himself.

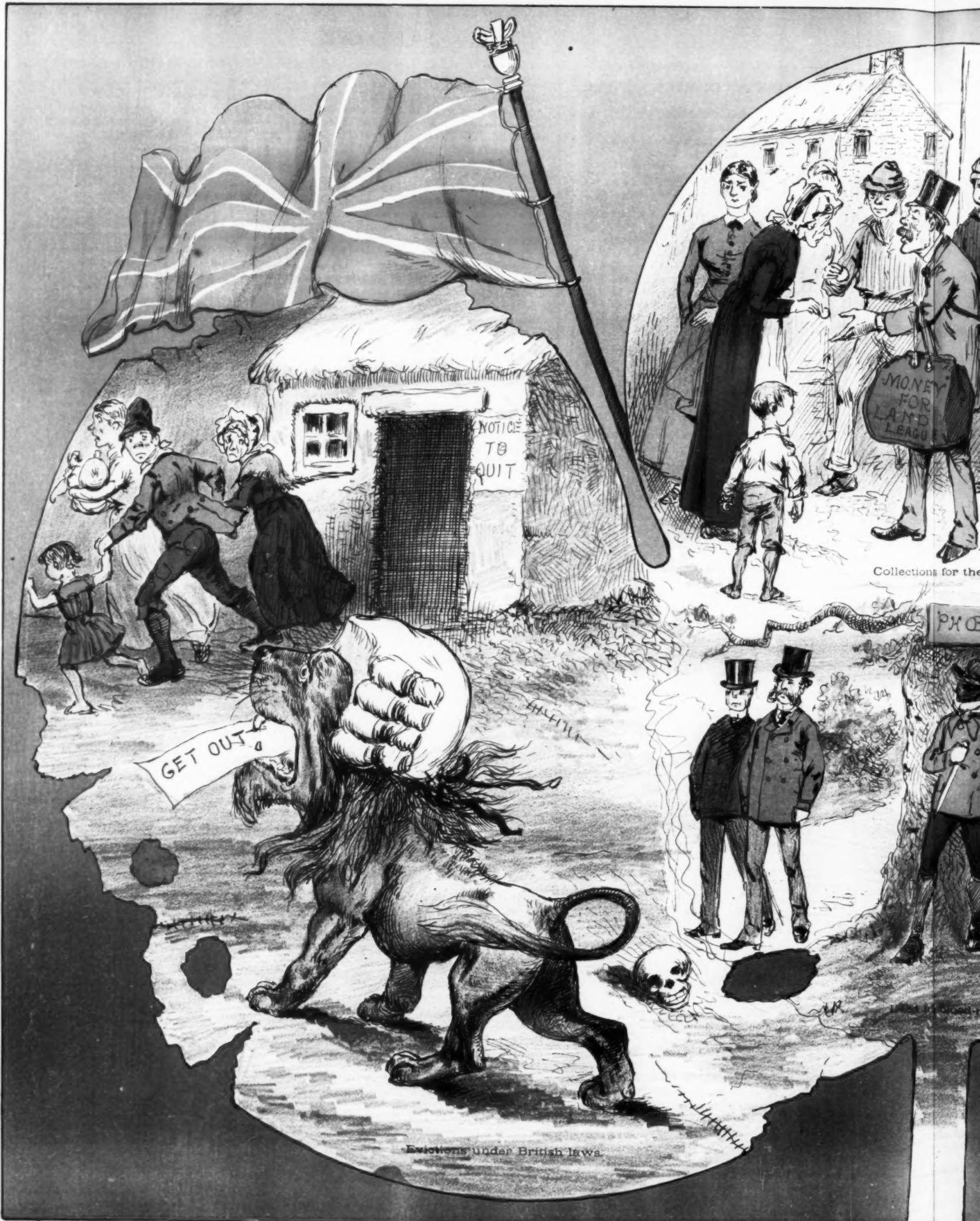
"Can't you see what time it is, Sim?" inquired Aunt Nancy.

Sim bowed his head still lower, and the minister, attributing the action to the powerful address he was delivering, hoped to have made a convert of the tavern-keeper.

"I'll see the face of that old clock, anyhow," said Aunt Nancy, as she rose up just as the minister began his closing prayer. She edged over to the front of the coffin, and after adjusting her spectacles, she looked up at the clock. In place of the dial, she looked on the grim face of the deceased deacon. She gave a yell and jumped back, stepping on Sim Dooley's dog, who was napping under his master's chair. The alarmed canine sprang up, upsetting Aunt Nancy, who pitched headforemost against the coffin. She gave one convulsive grasp at it, and down tumbled the old lady, with the coffin on top of her, the body rolling out alongside of her. That was sufficient to break up the funeral, but the dog, who was running wildly about the apartment, added to the furore of the occasion, and when the cry of "mad dog" was raised, the whole assemblage scampered out of the house, the widow making as good time as any. The incident furnished Dooley with a story about the old-fashioned clock for many weeks.

—S. J. T.

A PRETTY woman, contending with a muddy sidewalk or street crossing, is ever an object of masculine solicitude.



Evictions under British laws.

ST. PATRICK
THE SHAMROCK UNDI



...ons for the Land League.

PHOENIX PARK

...ood money.

Liberty in America—City officials and Mayor reviewing a St. Patrick's Parade.

The Wirth

BARNABY BOLIVAR BLINKS.

[IN FOUR SPASMS.]

CONVULSION FIRST.

I'm a freshman at Yale, as was daddy before me;
The girls of New Haven, egad, they adore me—
I ogle these pets,
And smoke cigarettes,
And pay, like a prince, for my own round of drinks,
As gentlemen always should do, methinks;
And my name it is Barnaby Bolivar Blinks.

CONVULSION SECOND.

I was at my own christening, so the nurse told me,
It took both grandmas and three aunts to hold me;
I was named 'mighty quick,
For the parson, so slick,
Dashed some water from my of the baptismal sinks,
And, despite my grimaces, my wriggles or winks,
He said: "You are Barnaby Bolivar Blinks."

CONVULSION THIRD.

I'm an adept at billiards, and lucid at poker;
Somewhat of a wag, but no heartless joker—
My mustaches I urge,
And cut quite a splurge,
With a hired turnout, when I drive Maudie Jinks,
Who for tippet and muff may thank sundry minks,
And charge hugs and kisses to B. Bolivar Blinks.

CONVULSION FOURTH.

Though at a scrub-race I'm a capital timer,
I never was much of a newspaper rhymier—
So accept this, dear JUDGE,
And owe me no grudge
Because I snap short on the metrical links;
My muse is so dwarfish, it modestly shrinks
Behind the cognomen, B. Bolivar Blinks.

—H. C. L.

HANNAH.

[Right to Tragedize reserved by the Author.]

My name is Jim. I have three sisters—Hannah, Stasia, and Tilly. Stasia had a beau, Johnny Blue, a society young man, who was thoroughly hated by Hannah. On the evening of the anniversary of Stasia's birth, Johnny determined to give her a bang-up serenade. He confidentially notified Ma, Tilly and myself of his intention, which we heartily encouraged.

Pa was not to be awakened from his night slumbers until after the first song was sung, and Stasia was to be aroused about the same time.

Not a single word or hint of the forthcoming serenade was to be given to that mischief-brewer, Hannah.

"Let her wake up, if she will," whispered Johnny, but if you care for my feelings, don't post her about this serenade."

Of course we respected his feelings.

Hannah sniffed something in the breeze. She bribed Tilly, by the promise of "a brand-new bang-net," to tell the secret. Then Hannah was mad.

"Oh!" she soliloquized, within my hearing: "won't I just make that skinny-legged, fifty-pounder Johnny Blue mighty sick to-night, for his meanness in tryin' to shut me out from the fun!"

And she kept her word.

To join him in the serenade he was about to tender Stasia, he had invited a half a dozen of the best-voiced members of a fashionable club to which he belonged.

"You bet," he smilingly assured these club fellows, "we will have a first-class bang-up lay-out furnished us, because I'm all right with the old woman; besides, what I say is law."

One of the fellows timidly asked: "But, Johnny, how do you stand with the old man? and is he to be in on this serenade racket too?"

"Oh! the old pet's all right. He wouldn't kick on me—no, not if I blew his old shanty up with dynamite," exclaimed Johnny, with the air of a newly-elected AlJerman, intent upon personally steering all the political doings of his ward.

Twelve o'clock came at last.

It was the hour appointed for the first song by the sweet-voiced serenaders, then assembled directly under Stasia's chamber window. At that time Stasia lay

slumbering, her face besmeared with soft charcoal tooth-paste.

Hannah was the artist, but without her somnolent sister's knowledge of the fact. Pa was snoring like a steaming locomotive. Ma, and Tilly, and I were trying to keep each other awake on the parlor sofa.

Where was Hannah?

At that identical moment she had her red head poked out of Stasia's bedroom window, and was softly calling out, "Hush, Johnny; don't start the singing yet; I want to speak with you first."

"Who's that?" said Johnny in a low voice.

"It's me—Stasia," said Hannah, imitating her sister Stasia's gentle voice; "just step in the front hallway."

Johnny answered that he would, and he hastened to do as he was bid, at the same time wondering who the deuce had previously apprised Stasia of the serenade. The rest of the serenaders, while awaiting the return of their leader, struck up, in subdued voices: "Wait till the clouds roll by."

This aroused Stasia, who sprang out of bed, rushed to the window, and shrieked, "Go away from here— you noisy set of hoodlums."

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed one of the serenaders, "I'd rather have that 'ere cloud roll by than roll out on us! Guess us fellows are at the wrong window, anyway. This 'ere cooness must be one of the servants of the house who's been awakened by our singing."

"Let's have some fun with her," cried another.

Whereupon they all began making the affrighted Stasia a target for snow-balls, broken branches of trees, and such flattering addresses as, "Throw down one of your old shoes, big soot-phiz, so we can sail home in it." "Drop yourself out the window, Dinah, so we can photo you for a new stove-polish advertisement," etc., etc.

In the meantime, where was Johnny?

Where, indeed, but locked in a private room where pa kept his safe containing money and valuable papers.

Hannah had successfully played herself off in the dark hallway as Stasia, to Johnny, even going so far as to allow him to put his arm around her waist and kiss her.

After thus wheedling the innocent Johnny into this room, Hannah revealed her identity by tantalizing him.

"Now, I've got you," she exclaimed, resuming her natural tone of voice. "You can sing your serenade song in there now, old skinny-legs! I ain't Stasia, at all, I'm Hannah! Ain't ye sorry you kissed me?"

"Oh! you deceptive little wretch, let me out of here, or I'll never forgive you," yelled Johnny.

"Don't be angry, Johnny darling," she sang, at the top of her voice.

"Oh! do let me out of here, Hannah. Now do, like a real good girl, and see if I don't give you a half-dozen matinee tickets; besides you know my friends are waiting for me to join them outside," cried Johnny.

"Well, can't you sing in there loud enough to let them hear you?" said she. "Never mind getting me any matinee tickets, 'cause Stasia might get jealous. Ta, ta, now, Johnny; lay down on pa's saw if it is in there, and go to sleep like a nice little fellow; for you can't get out for a good long while, mind!" she added.

Leaving the imprisoned Johnny screaming for help, she touched the burglar alarm, connecting with the police-station near by.

In the meantime Stasia, terrified by the missiles and epithets hurled at her by the serenaders, closed her bedroom window, rushed to her slumbering father's sleeping apartment, and fell against his bed in a death-like swoon.

Startled beyond expression, pa leaped out of bed and struck a light.

Catching a glimpse of Stasia's black face, he rushed frantically out of the room and down the back stairs, at the foot of which our cook, Jane, had left a dish of floating-island custard to cool, as the ice refrigerator was already full of similar delicacies and fruit for the serenaders.

Smack! splash! into the soft custard went pa's right foot, when he reached the bottom of the stairs.

Oh, Melchisidech! how he whooped and swore, and hopped about in his night robes.

"Och, murther!" yelled Jane, picking up the fragments of the custard and broken dish. "Ye've spoilt me buteful cushthird, so ye hev, sur!"

Ma, Tilly, and myself rushed to pa, inquiring what was the matter?

"Matter enough!" roared pa, who looked as pale as a resurrected corpse. "A confounded big nigger wench just flopped herself into my room, and I want help to fire her out of it, double quick, too! Ring for the police!"

I was too much scared to obey his order.

"A nigger wench in your bed!" exclaimed ma.

"Oh, you must have only dreamed that, and are now walking in your sleep," suggested Tilly, who stood by, trembling.

"Do you think I'm drunk, or a cursed fool? Go up, all of you, and look in my room, if you doubt my word!" he shouted.

Police officers surrounded the serenaders and marched them off to jail. Johnny was likewise captured. He begged for mercy, and our family implored the officers to release him. Then Johnny said that he and his club friends would be forever disgraced, and Hannah was satisfied that she was "even with Johnny." Johnny and his friends were discharged by Judge Munson, and Johnny has gone to Australia. Stasia is about to marry Jakey Patterson, the butcher, and Hannah is bound to be an old maid.

—ADELE.

An Earnest Appeal.

THAT'S a rib-tickling story which they used to tell out in Missouri at the expense of its once famous governor, Claiborne F. Jackson. Before he solved the enigma of love-lock, he had married five sisters!—in reasonable lapses of consecutiveness, as a matter of decency. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned, he espoused another, and he kept his courting within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family. Some of his predilections were widows ere he again transformed them from Niobes into willing, if not blushing brides, but it was all one to the conquering Benedict.

The antiquated father of these girls was quite deaf. Not, perhaps, as deaf as a post, nor, as Tom Hood hath it:

"Deaf as the definite article—"

neither quite as deaf as a miser usually is to the entreaties of poverty; but certainly deaf as a man who has been wedded for half a century to the same woman has every right to be.

When the Governor went to this octogenarian to ask for his surviving daughter, a conversation, thus faithfully reported, ensued:

"Pop, I want Lizzie!"

"Eh?"

"I want you to let me have Eliz-a-Leth!"

"Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?"

"For my wife!"

"For life?"

"I want—to—marry—her!"

"Oh, yes! Just so! I hear you, boy."

"I'm precious glad you do!" muttered the Governor.

"Well," slowly responded the veteran, "you needn't holler so that the whole neighborhood knows it! Yes, you can have her, Claib. You've got 'em all now, my lad; but for goodness sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor misguided gal, don't come and ask me for the old woman!"

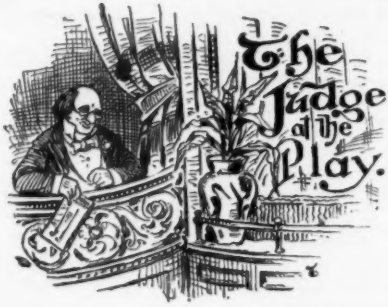
Jackson solemnly promised that he never would.

—BENRIQUE.



THE TARIFF QUESTION.

"What! the gurnment wants ter take the dooty off or soap? No, she won't, not if I can help it."



THESE are troublous times at many of the theaters. Birch, Hamilton, and Backus are having a "little unpleasantness," and there is discord behind the footlights of the pretty little minstrel hall. Aronson is engaged in anything but a "Merry" war at the Casino. Mayhap "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" will serve to dry the tears of those whose pocket it has not helped to fill. Salmi Morse is still at loggerheads with the city officials. De Belleville has left the Union Square altogether, and Miss Guion is sick, and the part of Marcelle is now being played by Miss Lewes. *On dit* that "A Parisian Romance" has not been doing an overwhelming business of late, and that it will soon be withdrawn.

"Micaela" has not proved a brilliant success at either the Bijou or Standard. The libretto may be very bright and sparkling in its original French setting, but in plain English it is dull and slow. The music, to say the least, is disappointing. Lecocq's hand or brain has evidently lost its cunning, for one would never imagine this to have been the work of the author of "Giroflee-Girofla," or "The Little Duke." At the Standard, it is beautifully mounted, the costumes are gorgeous, if not abundant; and everything conceivable has been done to make it attractive, but it has not "caught on." The Hungarian ballet in the third act is by far the best thing in the whole opera. Miss Conron and Mr. Sweet exhibit unusual vocal skill, and Mr. Ryley is as usual excellent.

The Maurice Grau French Opera Bouffe troupe are coming back to us, and are announced to appear at the Casino March 16th, opening with "La Jolie Parfumeuse." Theo and Capoul are to appear together, and these will positively be their last performances in this city. Theo can't sing, but she can act, and her charming stage presence makes up for a multitude of deficiencies.

At Daly's "The Boomerang" is booming, and the speculators sell their tickets at a handsome profit. Miss Rehan has a coquettish, hoydenish part, well suited to her capabilities. James Lewis has a new and funny make-up, and John Drew and Mrs. Gilbert are very good. The piece has no plot, but it is a jolly little trifle well acted, and beautifully set.

"The Long Strike" was produced at the Windsor Monday night. It is interesting and exciting, and Stoddard is as irresistibly funny in it as he was ten or twelve years ago at Wallack's. Miss Jewett seems to have wandered a long way from her native heath, but we suppose the Bowery must have some natural advantages that the Union Square does not possess.

"Iolanthe" is being given in fine style at the Fifth Avenue. Dixey, who made such a hit in Boston, is The Lord Chancellor; Miss Jansen has the same part she so ably filled at the Standard, and Augusta Roche is the Fairy Queen. The costumes are brilliant, and the orchestra and chorus fairly good.

"The Corsican Brothers" have been transported to Niblo's, bag and baggage. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels did an immense business here last week.

"Siberia" is drawing crowds to Haverly's, and Miss Cayvan is winning golden opinions from the press and public. Lawrence Barrett is at the Grand Opera House, and Herr Barnay and Frau Gallmayer are arousing interest at the Thalia. "Old Shipmates," with Frank Mordaunt as Captain Weathergauge, is running smoothly at the Cosmopolitan, and of course "The Silver King" at Wallack's and "Young Mrs. Winthrop" at the Madison Square, are doing as well as ever.

Marie Vanoni is singing and dancing in a burlesque



NOT THE KIND OF RECORD NEEDED.

GENTLEMAN TO FRIEND (who is in want of a cashier): "Mr. Brown, this is Mr. Jones, who will, I think, make an excellent cashier for you. His ability is first class, and his morals are splendid. He is a deacon of the church, and superintendent of the Sunday-school, and treasurer of the worked-out old men's retreat, etc."
FRIEND: "I don't want him. His record is altogether too pious, too good. These pillars of the church are too apt to get out of plumb, you know. Good-morning."

at Koster and Bial's, and Lizzie Sims goes through her transformation scenes at the same place every night.

The Australian Circus is still at the "Indian Wigwam," and Robert Stickney and son appear as usual. At the Mount Morris Theater Miss Bancroft is playing Ogarita, in "The Sea of Ice,"—a play that THE JUDGE remembers to have seen at Barnum's old museum many years ago.

"McSorley's Inflation" will, in course of time, give place to "The Muddy Day."

"Riflemen at Vassar" has proved so successful at Tony Pastor's that it will be continued for another week, and additional attractions are announced by the irrepressible proprietor.

Breakup Goes to the Ball.

THE day before the Arion ball, Breakup told his wife that he would probably be detained at the store the next evening until quite late. His accounts required his attention. The guileless Mrs. Breakup said that she was sorry that he had to pore over those dreadful accounts, and thought no more of it. The night of the ball Breakup did not return home to supper, and Mrs. Breakup worried herself about her husband's eyes; she knew this making up accounts by gaslight would ruin his eyesight; and while the trusting sharer of his joys and woes was indulging in these gloomy reflections, the wicked, wicked man was tripping "the light fantastic" with his Arion friends. When he did get home at last it was three o'clock.

"I'm so sorry, ducky," said Mrs. Breakup. "Don't your eyes hurt you?"

"Dreadful," responded Breakup, chuckling to himself to think how easily he had fooled his wife.

When he arose the next morning and entered the dining-room he noticed an ominous frown on Mrs. Breakup's face.

"Have any of the boys been giving me away?" was his first thought. But he speedily dismissed it.

"Breakup," said his wife, just as he was breaking the first egg at breakfast, "do you reckon up accounts aloud?"

"No, my darling. Why do you ask?"

"Well, last night, in your sleep, you kept pinching my face and saying: 'Please take off your mask, that's a darling.' Do your books say anything about masks?"

The guilty wretch answered not a word, and Mrs. Breakup went calmly on:

"Do you generally add up in this way: 'Now, darling, we'll have a bottle of wine?' Or do you balance your accounts by saying: 'If that old dragon

knew I was here, she'd massacre me?' Or do you invoice in this style: 'You are the fairest of the fair'? I only ask out of curiosity."

Then Breakup hurried to the family physician to get a remedy to prevent talking in his sleep.

—"GIL."

Boston is again knocked out. It is said that an un-receipted tailor's bill against Ben Franklin has just been discovered.

"That pig don't seem to grow fat at all," remarked Summerbreeze to his wife. "Mighty good reason," replied his better-half; "the gram store won't trust you for any more meal." "How's the baker, has he begun to kick yet?" asked the old man. "No." "Well, then, feed the pig on bread and doughnuts; we've got to get the cuss fat enough to kill anyway."

"Do as you would be done by," remarked the dishonest clerk as he "knocked down" on the cash.

ONE of Detroit's most honored citizens was stricken with paralysis while depositing some money in a savings bank recently. Another argument for placing your savings with the lager beer seller.

A GERMAN humorist named Dohm has just died. It's a dohm pity it wasn't one of *Punch's* funny men.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L. C.—Yes.

IOLANTHE.—No.

J. E. A.—Not accepted.

S. J. T.—Thanks; send us the poems.

TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS.—Avoid "slang."

G. R. Root.—Let us hear from you in 1902.

J. E. F.—The "Man and Wife," will not do.

W. M. LEGG.—Let us hear from you in 1901.

JACKY WORTH.—Always glad to hear from you.

C. M. FAIRBANKS.—Would like to hear from you.

CYRUS W. FIELD.—We cannot print your veto message.

W. J. C. (San Francisco).—Your subject is bad. Try something else.

J. H. W. (Norristown).—Sorry you are ill. Hope to hear from you soon.

W. C. KINGSLEY.—Finish the Brooklyn bridge before you write any more sketches.

JIMMY LYNCH.—Your poem on "Champagne and Cigars," should be sent to Henry Bergh.

K. C. B.—No, bar-room sketches are not often funny, and we must decline those sent by you.

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Pastor Eggleston Square Church, Boston, Mass.
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AN American ship was fired at with solid shot from a Dutch fort some days ago as she was leaving the port of Curacao. It seems to be a great mystery why the shot was fired, as the U. S. flag was flying at one mast and the Holland flag at another, according to the custom. The only solution that we can give to the mystery is that the Dutchmen didn't know the American flag, as American vessels are so scarce. They thought it some pirate who had a new kind of a flag. However, whether this was the cause of the insult or not we hope our government will not send over a fleet of our mammoth (?) iron-clad-men-of-war-battle-line-ships and swallow up poor little Holland merely for making a target of our flag. The Dutch people are as fond of target shooting as we are, and if they make a mistake and shoot our flag for a buzzard, why we ought not to get mad.—*Wilson's Siftings.*

It is claimed that the oldest piano in the United States is owned by a family living near Harlem Bridge. Thank fortune, Harlem Bridge is at least one hundred miles distant from Norristown, and the man who attempts to connect the two places by telephone should be shot on the spot.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Your husband is a staid man now, is he not?" asked a former school-mate of her friend who had married a man rather noted for his fast habits. "I think so," was the reply, "he stayed out all last night."—*Star of the Cape.*

"No girl," says a female correspondent of a Chicago paper, "ought to think of marrying until she possesses the proper qualifications to make a good wife." True, true. No girl should ever think of having a lover until she can run a sewing machine with one foot and rock the cradle with the other.—*Altoona Tribune.*

It is said that in China when they wish to select a name for a baby, they put him down in the midst of a number of objects, and he takes his name from the article which he first picks up. There is a laundryman in Detroit named Gut Sing. The great burning question which now comes before the American people is whether he selected a green apple or a violin.—*Chaff.*

A new scarf-pin has been named the "Freddie." The design is a little gold jackass drawing a cart, on which are spelling and copy books. Mr. Gebhard is said to have written to the manufacturer to ask if he means anything personal. If he does he intends to warn him not to cross his path and then take a fast express to California.—*Williams and Chapman's Illustrated Times.*

An effort existing without a cause is, an impossibility; tickling in the throat, huskiness of the voice, violent coughing, etc., are the effects of a severe cold. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures the cold at once and removes its serious effects.

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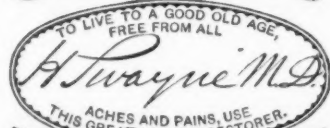
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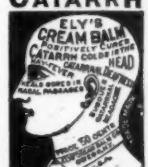
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HEARD in a pension office: "So you say that you had a grandson killed in the war of 1812, and want a pension. You surely can't be so old as that." "But I am." "Can you prove it?" "Easily, I dance in the ballet at the—theater." "I believe you. Make out your application."—*N. Y. Morning Journal*.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, whose initials so sweetly proclaim his exuberant fancy, has published a book called "Paris Herself Again." It is astonishing how ignorant the British are about history and Homer and other things. Here, in these free and United States, every school-boy knows that Paris was a man.—*N. Y. Life*.

HORACE GREELEY's advice to young men to go West, will not be so readily followed if that part of the country continues to distinguish herself as the land of cyclones and floods, in the future as she has done in the past.—*Youkers Gazette*.

RED CLOUD said to the Congressional Committee on Appropriations: "I want money to pay my debts. Pay me not in cows, but in cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus." The demand is in the last sentence.—*Boston Evening Star*.

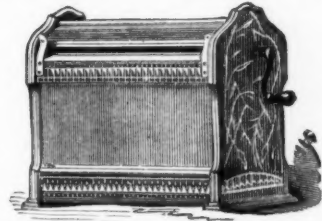
A LAWSUIT in St. Louis incidentally furnishes proof that some American wine is genuine. The defendant is sued for \$30,000 damages, because, as the employee of a vineyard company, he spoiled 70,000 bottles of wine by failing to take proper care of it from the time it was mere grape juice until it became champagne.—*The Retailer*.

"WERE you at Mrs. Jones' ball two years ago?" he said to Miss Rosebud at the Patriarchs' ball. "Oh, no," she answered, "I'm a debutante this winter." "Are you?" he exclaimed: "why, somebody told me your folks were Episcopalians!"—*N. Y. Mail*.

A WOMAN entered a saloon in Jersey City, kicked over the table, smashed a dozen glasses, shook her fist under the barkeeper's nose, and called him a fiend, and led her husband out by the ear. The barkeeper from over the Rhine closed one eye significantly, and remarked to a terrified customer: "By chinks! maybe she vus mad about somedings, eh?"—*Bergen County Democrat*.

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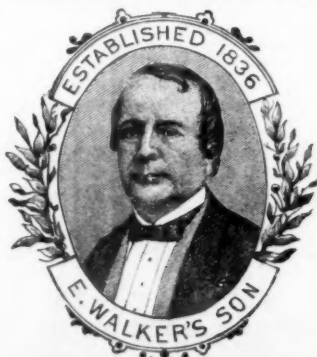
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ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

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JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Small on Wash-day!

Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!

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The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to Injure even the Finest Laeces!

Where water is scarce, or has to be carried far, remember that with

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when new!

The most Wonderful and Perfectly Brightened!

A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!

And best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. from the forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag don't blame your servants; it is not their fault; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:—

Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of!

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike housekeeper.

Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap is not fit for washing glass, while

The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, wash with this Soap, with the Sick Room, it saves the trouble of disinfecting and purify without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Don't use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—don't even scald them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not heat. To be rinsed off.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

JUDGE TOURGEE in "OUR CONTINENT"

Has fallen in line, and that well-known and ably-edited periodical says:

That the publisher and his family having tested The Frank Siddalls Soap, are prepared to acknowledge its superiority over all other Soaps

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors

Forney's Progress

(The world-renowned American society paper:—a piquant record of fashion and of fashion's doings, both in our own country and in Europe.)

Enrolls itself among the warmest of the friends of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which has Mrs. Forney's earnest recommendations as being indispensable for both Toilet and Household use.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving

THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS

(The great family non-sectarian religious weekly, circulating in every State and Territory, and accepted as an authority by thinking men and women throughout the U. S.)

Gives editorial endorsement in the strongest language of every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes

THE N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER

(Undoubtedly the most influential Catholic Journal in America, edited by James S. McMaster, Esq., a man whose pen is ever found ready to extol or condemn at his strict sense of truth and justice dictates.)

Has given The Frank Siddalls Soap emphatic endorsement in the editorial column of his paper, insisting that his readers shall study their own interests by availing themselves of its valuable qualities for Toilet as well as for Laundry use.

Do not omit to read our Special Premium to the Wives of Grocers

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bath at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No stable is complete without it. For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car-windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar Soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Kingworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incurstions, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions. Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—don't rinse the lather off.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

THE JUDGE.



Bright and sunny for David Davis.



Waiting weather for Blaine.



Very cold for Windom.



Very serene for the President.



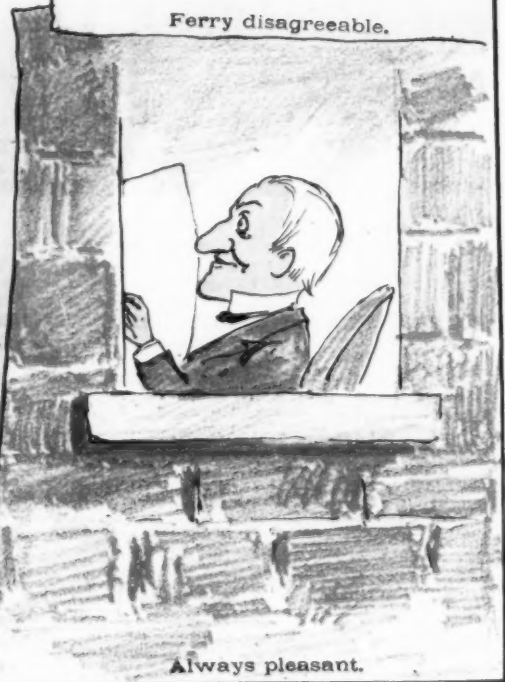
Ferry disagreeable.



Perfectly satisfactory to B. F. B.



Very bleak for the Jerseyman.



Always pleasant.

THE JUDGE'S OWN WEATHER REPORT.